

## NEW YORK LETTER.

WHAT THE PEOPLE IN OTHMAN TALK ABOUT.

Gossip from the Clubs-Violet Cameron and Lonsdale-Wall Street Affairs.

(Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch).

NEW YORK, October 2, 1886.

The California millionaire, Mr. John W. Mackey, is the latest lion in the field at the Carlton Club. Unpretentious, modest, and retiring, looking like a contented, thoughtful man, with close-cropped light hair, carefully-trimmed mustache, reddish plain face, and an air that he would feel more comfortable in his shirt sleeves than "dressed up" in the regulation cutaway, Mr. Mackey would attract the attention he does if he were not a millionaire, whose striking "it" which on the point of starvation, and whose wife manages by her receptions and expenditures to keep herself the talk in London and Paris, because beyond these facts there is nothing about him to enlist interest any more than there is any commonplace one. But being a millionaire, he attracts attention in a certain class. In the Carlton he is always attended by Tom Ochiltree and Larry Jerome, who manage by their stories and in turn laugh at his "chestnuts." If he were poor Mackey would be considered a good fellow, because he enjoys a cigar and will take a drink, but being a millionaire, he is proclaimed a prince. In business, but rather lucky, and the fate of Keene is predicted for him unless he shows more strength than he has or surrounds himself with able counselors. He is not much of a club-man, however, and only looks in to please the "boys" and John Chamberlain, who is the animating genius of the club. Mackey orders a table set for half dozen or more in one of the windows of the cafe at the Hoffman House, giving carte-blanche (a *douceur*) to the head waiter, and he invites that number to dine with him from among the first congenial ones he meets. In the club, unless he prearranges his dinners, he would likely be compelled to have the same every meal. He royally dispenses his hospitality, listening to the jokes and repartee with a quiet smile. It is rumored that his father, Edward Stokes, was it is significant that they're seldom seen together.

DIXIEY.

Dixey, who is not in the least changed by his London experience, is always surrounded when he appears in the Lotos or the Lams, because he always has a good story to tell. His favorite time of coming in is at midnight, after the play, and he will remain as long as any one else will; as he says all the morning and all day in rainy weather.

Mr. F. H. Henshaw, the handsome, youthful, and wealthy manager of the Grand Opera-House, owner of all the more successful plays, is an active member of the Lotos, the Lams, the Jockey Club, and the Actors' Fund. He means to be, but always isn't, sociable, because, as some one says, he "don't know, you know." With his wealth, which insures success, he is destined to become a power in theatrical affairs; indeed, he is that already. His father-in-law, the well-known publisher, has the honor of the number of the Lotos, the Lams, the Jockey Club, and the Actors' Fund. He means to be, but always isn't, sociable, because, as some one says, he "don't know, you know." With his wealth, which insures success, he is destined to become a power in theatrical affairs; indeed, he is that already.

VIOLET CAMERON.

An utterly unjustifiable importance has been given by the daily press to the marital scandal of the recently-arrived English actress, Miss Violet Cameron, simply because she is followed by Lord Lonsdale, who claims to be her dramatic manager. Long before this reaches you the telegraph will have informed you that Mr. Stokes, of the Hoffman House, has virtually put her and her manager out of his house.

CONSIDERING.

Considering Mr. Stokes' position as a friend of the Lotos, and his hotel episode this action has created a general ripple of comment and surprise.

THE PUBLIC ATTITUDE OF LORD LONSDALE.

The public attitude of Lord Lonsdale and Mr. De Henshaw, the actress's husband, is ridiculous, to say the least. Lonsdale's relationship to Miss Cameron, so far as the public is concerned, is based upon the court records of London, in which he is named as the protector of the lady against her own husband, and on one occasion put the husband out of the house. As a business manager his action excited interest, and business managers everywhere began to inquire if they had not overlooked some of their natural rights. An English justice, however, decided that a husband had a right of access to his wife that no peer of the realm could have. Instead of settling his private affairs with Lonsdale, the husband should have turned to the law, and the wife with one hand and Lord Lonsdale's coat-tails with the other.

WHEN THE AURORA ARRIVED WITH THE MANAGER AND STARS.

When the Aurora arrived with the manager and stars, lo! and behold, there was the husband on another vessel. Notwithstanding the fact that Lonsdale's intention to accompany Violet Cameron to America had been published in every London paper and the husband got upon the dock he expressed the utmost surprise to hear that the Lord had come over with his wife. He must look into it. Then he blustered a little about Lonsdale and threatened a good deal of swift punishment. And the reporters, with a catastrophe in their minds, eyes, began to trip it up and do all kinds of things to surprise when they caught Lonsdale and De Henshaw in the drinking-together at Delmonico's in the most confidential manner.

STOKES FRIGHTENED.

The only result of the reportorial work was to frighten Mr. Stokes, of the Hoffman House, who doesn't propose to have any killing done on his new carpets, and so he ordered the pair out of the house. The clamor of the papers over this matter is astonishing.

MISS CAMERON IS NOT A PRETTY WOMAN.

Miss Cameron is not a pretty woman. She is loudly English, with yellow hair and slightly faded. She is not seriously annoyed at the public rumormongers, having, I suppose, a thrifty professional mind. She makes her first appearance next Monday at the Casino in a musical comedy, called "The Dominoes." Her private life is not to be spoken of for the patronage of the better class of New York theater-goers.

MISS GENEVIEVE WARD MADE HER DEBUT HERE ON MONDAY NIGHT IN AN ADAPTED VERSION OF SCRIBE'S "VERRE D'EAU" CALLED "THE QUEEN'S FAVORITE."

The performance was a complete artistic success and has received only encomiums. This is owing not alone to Miss Ward's efforts, but to the freshness and cleverness of the actors who appear with her. Mr. W. H. Vernon,

a new-comer, made an instant hit. He is a refined and rather fascinating personage and a polished actor.

A great deal of comment has been occasioned among newspaper-men by the case of the *Herald* which avoid any mention of the election of Lord Lonsdale from the Hoffman House. The general belief appears to be that the editor of the *Herald* is one of the Lord's friends.

WALL-STREET AFFAIRS.

The week began with a sensational move in the stocks of the Western Union Telegraph. All sorts of rumors of consolidation or combination between that company and the Baltimore and Ohio were flying around, with the natural result of inducing purchases of the stock on the part of petty speculators, who always buy on hearsay and always lose money. The stock opened on Monday at 74 and was down to 72 in about half an hour. Since then it became steadier again upon tolerably well authenticated reports that Jay Gould was buying the stock. He seems to have sold a considerable amount of Missouri Pacific, and invested the proceeds in telegraph stock. Some of the financial writers of the daily press have taken the report as absurd, saying that Gould was not a man to sell a 7 percent dividend payer and to put the proceeds into a stock which pays nothing. The report, nevertheless, seems to be true. The Missouri-Pacific stock which he sold was surplus scrip stock which he had recently received, and which added nothing to his power of absolute control. He sold at an average of about 112 1/2, and in a few weeks ago, and bought with this money Western Union stock at about 70 and 71, thus getting nearly two shares of Western Union for one of Missouri Pacific. If he sees the chance of advancing the price of the stock and of the company resuming the payment of dividends, he has certainly done a neat little trade. That some deal is going on in telegraph stock is not doubted. But what is it nobody seems to be able to tell yet. But Garrett, the president of the Baltimore and Ohio, who has just returned from Europe, as plump and frisky as a young partridge, and who left all the bilious tint of his face at the German watering-places, denies that there is anything going on between the Baltimore and Ohio and the Western Union, except the old fight of rates, which, so will be, but he is not intended to be further extended of the existing lines. Another rumor was that the Baltimore and Ohio was to be forced into submission by the Western Union buying the Mackey-Bennett cable. In fact, some mysterious telegrams appeared in the stock stating that this purchase had already been consummated. But this was officially denied, and was probably originated by the fact that the headings and allusions to the "Mackey-Bennett cable" have been dropped out of the New York *Herald* for the last two or three days. All credit for communication is now given by the *Herald* to the Commercial Cable, thus suggesting the idea that Mackey and Bennett have parted company in the ownership of the cable. This would not be surprising, as it was reported long before that there were some financial disputes between the co-proprietors. The Bennett King refuses to talk about the subject, and says that he will never obtain the control of the Commercial Cable, and shows his determination to go deeper and deeper into the telegraph business by a vigorous extension of his Postal Telegraph lines all over the Pacific coast.

WHATEVER BE THE PRESENT COMPLICATIONS.

Whatever be the present complications of all these complications and combinations, their ultimate issue is of paramount importance to the people of this country, and deserves a thorough study and watching on the part of the press. The interests at stake are not only those of rates, but of secrecy and ownership of matters sent over the wires.

SPIRITUALISM AND SLEIGHT OF HAND.

I am always ready to go to a spiritualist séance or a sleight-of-hand performance, because I always manage to discover the trick which invariably puzzles all the rest of the victims. You may be sure, therefore, that when Hermann announced a performance last Sunday evening at Wallack's Theatre for the benefit of the Charleston sufferers, and the initial success of his performance, that I was not to be missed. I did not miss the opportunity, especially as I could humor my inclinations as well as my curiosity. From the descriptions of my friends from Paris the trick of the "Vanishing Lady" was done much better in Paris, where Hermann announced he had purchased the novelty and which has been the sensation in the Eden Theatre since its introduction. Miss Helene, the French actress, in a light drapery, a rug was placed on the stage, a large sheet of paper and a chair thrown on, the lady sitting on the chair. Then Hermann enveloped her in a thin but not gauzy dark-green sheet that completely covered her figure. In Paris almost instantly the covering was removed and the lady had vanished, but Hermann required slow music and it was several minutes before the trick was completed. Of course he directed attention by glances to every part of the stage than he sought not to the rear corner, where he touched a spring that I immediately detected, letting his wife and chair drop to the regions below, while the apparent gauze sustained (by its vertical folds) its position. Theories that mirrors were used, producing an optical delusion, were advanced by very careful spectators, but the magician was not the point at which he was detected—discovered the spring, and, sitting near, I could hear the mechanism.

HELLER'S TRICK.

I have never read an *exposé* of Heller's Psycho Trick, which has mystified most beholders. The pigmy figure of a half boy, with a head and arms and a section of his figure across the front, is placed on a hollow glass cylinder. At Heller's command Psycho masters the most intricate cubes and squares, the head and arms moving from side to side, the latter supporting figures and placing them to form a correct answer. The theory was that the arm and head were worked by electric wires, but the glass support rendered that impossible. It puzzled me for some time, but I finally discovered—just how! I noticed that it was worked by compressed air circulating in the glass cylinder from one of the feet of the pedestal. The assistant in the wing worked the supply tube by a ball, one press putting the air to moving, two dropping it on a figure, a third picking it up, when it moved lustily under the motor double presser dropped the numeral in its place. The magician was a flash button—i. e., one of the buttons on the small of the back of his dress coat, which was connected with a pocket battery—you have seen these electric flashing scarves—and gave the cue for the figures, he being a lightning calculator. Years ago it took me three nights to discover his trick of the sphinx, an Egyptian head that rose out of the table after the removal of a box. The table stood in

the centre of the stage, apparently perfectly clear underneath, with one corner facing the audience. The head which was obviously alive, but there was no possibility of its being connected with a body because the top of the table was not one and a half inches thick, and was entirely clear underneath. On the third night, having exhausted all my theories, I threw a putty ball from a flower in the direction of the table. I soon discovered that the table had a looking-glass beneath each leg, the magician being careful never to be caught in the reflection, and that there was no reflection of the surroundings. The same way a little investigation always proves that the materialization at a spiritual séance is medium impersonation, because whenever I scatter tacks over the floor spirits don't stand them, and the medium always lunge when he or she emerges from the cabinet.

FOUND IN "OLD JOCK."

(New York Mail and Express.)

Dealers in paper and ink are like remarkable men among the rags and the financial writers of the daily press. They are frequently found, letters and deeds of value, and even in one instance a large stolen alligator.

MR. JOHN C. STOCKWELL, WHOINVENTED THE VERY FAMILIAR SIGHT-READING O. C. HIGHEST CASH PRICE, ETC., INFORMED LETTERS FROM PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES AND PROMINENT POLITICIANS IN HIS STOCK.

"I found one," said he, "a letter which compromised the patriotism of one of the greatest statesmen in this country. It was in relation to an affair in which he and a great editor were involved. I would not like to divulge their names. Another remarkable find was the parchment deed for a whole town near Troy, signed by the Indians. But perhaps my most valuable discovery was the written record of the first Continental Congress in the handwriting of Robert Morris and George Thompson. They are now in the library at Washington. Rare books are found so often that little notice is taken of it. I have found the first edition of the History of New Jersey, rare editions of Cotton Mather's works, and Poor Richard's Almanac, published by Benjamin Franklin during his early history. It seems strange that, so well as I am, I should not be allowed to find their way here, but they come from the most enlightened people. Why, just look at the case of the finding of Madame Jerome Bonaparte's letters to her father, Mr. Patterson, of Baltimore. His daughter, by her romantic marriage, became a beauty, wit, and queen in the first aristocratic circles in Europe, and yet it does not appear that her letters to her father were very much valued. For years they remained undiscovered in an old lumber-room in the Patterson mansion on South Street, Baltimore, after which they passed into the hands of an old junk dealer for a trilling sum—sold for paper, you know. The junk dealer, who turned out to be a paper-stock dealer, who fortunately discovered their real value. Another gentleman, at one time occupying the old brick prison, on Rose street, as a warehouse, tells the following curious tale: A gentleman once came to our store with a piece of hand-made, water-marked paper, and offered a large sum if we could match him the water-mark. It was a deed to a large piece of property in St. Louis, and he wished to prove it a forgery. If he could arise in court and by displaying a similar character did not argue the age of the paper, he hoped to win his case. This calls to mind the will case undertaken by a celebrated lawyer some time ago in this country. The discovery was made by accident that the date of the water-mark, which can be seen in all cases by holding it up to the light, was several years subsequent to the date of the will, proving conclusively that the will was a forgery.

AN IMPORTANT BANKRUPT DECLARATION.

Judge Paul yesterday, in the United States District Court, in an able opinion, decided a new and important question in bankruptcy in the case of E. J. Burton, bankrupt. The opinion says it is the case of the so far as is informed, that has not heretofore been judicially settled. It is this: Can a bankrupt become the purchaser of liens and debts against his estate for his own use of the assets in the hands of the assignee to the exclusion of subsequent lien-holders? Mr. Burton, the bankrupt, after receiving his discharge, bought up certain judgments, liens, and mortgages against his estate. He then, as administrator, sold the property, and the proceeds, amounting to about \$14,000, and took assignment thereof to himself, and claimed that he had a right to collect them out of the assets of his estate in bankruptcy, according to the priority they held when in the hands of the original holders, the assignees of Burton. He claimed that by virtue of his discharge in bankruptcy, he stood in relation to his estate in bankruptcy as a disinterested person, with a right to buy his own debts and collect them out of his estate surrendered in bankruptcy. Judge Paul decided that the discharge did not destroy the debt; that it could only be paid as a bar to the remedy for the recovery of the debt; that the bankrupt character of the debtor was not destroyed by the discharge in bankruptcy; that the obligation to pay his debts remained, and that in paying these debts he had only done his duty, and that by taking an assignment of the debts he was not a creditor of the debtor and creditor were united in the same person and that the debts were extinguished. They were ordered to be stricken from Commissioner Tinsley's report of liens.—*Lynchburg News*, 26th.

SCIENTIFIC POINTS.

(New York Star.)

What are they? The law of gravity? Capillary attraction? The vaporization of liquids? The magnetic current? The radiation of heat and light? The intricate economies and convulsions of nature? The wonders of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms? The Pons Asinorum? The human stomach? The north pole?

Oh, no! These are only every-day, matter-of-fact trifles that school-boys prate about and idle men dream of.

CURE OF A SPRAIN.

MACKERON CENTRE, WAYNE CO., N. Y., February 28, 1885.

Some years ago I badly strained my stomach picking cherries, and have suffered greatly ever since. Nothing has been so beneficial as Alcock's Plaster. They entirely cured me of that trouble. I have also been afflicted with a lame ankle, but these Plasters soon enabled me to walk. I recommend them whenever I have an opportunity, as I have found them very useful for over ten years. Alcock's Plaster have always done me the greatest service, and I am every day more and more convinced that no household should be without them.

MRS. SUSIE A. BILLS.

ONLY ONE OF HIS KIND.

A QUEER LITTLE OLD MAN WHO GETS ALONG BY FOLLOWING A QUEER BUSINESS.

The New York Mail and Express says: On a much-travelled up town thoroughfare a little half-styled wooden shop stands between two big business blocks, for all the world like a diminutive chunk of ham between the abnormally thick slices of bread in a railroad sandwich. The little shop and ground on which it is built are owned by an abridged old man, who has refused every offer to dispose of the property, notwithstanding the exorbitant prices repeatedly proposed by neighboring merchants who desire to rid the street of the shabby little shop's disfiguring presence. The old man's mode of gaining a livelihood is fully as peculiar as his refusal to part with his real estate on the terms that have been offered him. The shop has two front windows. In one hangs a clock bearing the legend "Buttons Inside," and in the other is another with the inscription "Any Button Matched—Ten Cents (Only)." Within the little shop are shelves and counters covered with pasteboard trays, containing a larger collection of buttons, probably than can be found anywhere else in New York. There is every sort of button known to civilization, from the plain white shirt-button through the metallic family circle to the bold-faced life vest button, and in war stories by turning a bullet from its deadly course; buttons of jet, gilt, ivory, bone, glass, and wood, plain buttons, particular buttons, enameled buttons, push-covered buttons, buttons with shanks and without shanks, rough buttons and smooth buttons, buttons that were invented yesterday, and buttons that were made half a century ago.

In the back of the shop is a bench like a cobbler's, where the old man sits day cross-legged. A pretty-faced, dark-eyed girl, who he told for her hair waits upon customers. She is the little old man's granddaughter. Neither the old man nor his granddaughter is inclined to talk freely about their business, however, the little girl said: "We match buttons and sew them on the coats or vests of gentlemen and on the dresses of ladies. Oh, yes, we have a good many customers, particularly a lot of old ladies who just button two or three and haven't any one to sew them on, or can't match the buttons in the regular stores. We often have calls from seamstresses also, who need a few buttons they can't find elsewhere. You see, our collection is so large that we can supply the missing buttons in almost any set. Where did we get such a large collection? Grandpa has been gathering it for years. He says he had a little shop and dress-making establishments which he visits regularly. From these he gets old buttons by the hundreds very cheap. We charge only ten cents for any button that may be desired. Of course, some of them are worth a good deal more than that, but as the demand is great for the cheap kinds, we make a fair profit in the long run. How did grandpa conceive the idea of the business? I don't know, I'm sure. I never asked him; but I suppose from seeing many people with buttons missing. He says that he would have to go to any trouble in addition to supplying odd buttons and sewing them on while the customer waits, we also mend ragged button-holes or make new ones where they have been torn out."

THE TRAIN-DISPATCHER'S STORY.

(Detroit Free Press.)

Several years ago I was employed as a train-dispatcher on a southwestern American railroad. As usual, there were three of us in the office. I had what was called the "second trick," my hours of duty being from 4 P. M. to 12 P. M. The third man, Charlie Burns, who came on at midnight and worked till 8 A. M., was a particular friend of mine. He was a young man, of a cheerful character, a fine dispatcher, and very popular; and when, during the burning days of July, it became known among the men that he was confined to his room by a severe attack of malignant fever, many were the expressions of regret and hope for his speedy recovery.

During the trying days of Charlie's illness I spent all the time I could spare by his side, but on account of his absence from the office it was necessary for the remaining two of us to "double up"—that is, work twelve hours each—my watch being from 8 P. M. to 8 A. M.

I came on duty one evening feeling very bad. The weather was so warm I could not sleep well in the daytime; besides, I had spent a considerable part of the day with Charlie, whose illness had now reached a critical stage and seemed to show little prospect of improvement.

Hence, as you may imagine, I was not at all pleased to find that I was likely to have a busy night of it. A wreck on the road during the day had thrown all the regular trains of the day, and besides the usual number of special freights there was a special passenger train to leave Linwood, the eastern terminus of our division, at 11 P. M., with a large party of excursionists returning from a picnic. For several hours I had my hands full in the office, and a special train of fire stock bound west had to be kept moving, but was being delayed by hot journals; nevertheless, I hoped to get them into Linwood before the excursion train started west.

As usually happens in such cases, the excursion train did not get ready to leave on time, and it was 11:40 P. M. when they reported for orders at Linwood. I fixed up their orders, got the report of their departure from Linwood at 11:50 P. M., and then, having for the first time that night a few minutes' breathing time, I rose from the table and went over and seated myself by the window, where it was cooler than under the heated gas-jets over the table. I was alone in the office, and as I sat there enjoying the cool breeze which came in through the open window a neighboring church clock rang out the hour of 12. From force of habit I glanced at the door, almost expecting to hear Charlie's light footstep on the stair, and see the door open to admit him as of old.

"Poor fellow," I thought, "it will be a long time before he enters that door again, if he ever does." Just at the last stroke of 12, and while my eyes were still fixed on the door, it opened, and Charlie Burns entered. My astonishment may be imagined better than I can describe it. My first thought was that in the delirium of fever he had escaped from his nurses and made his way to the office, but when I left him a few hours before I could not have believed that he had strength to get out of bed. I sat and watched him in speechless surprise, which was increased by his strange manner.

Instead of his usual hearty greeting; he took no notice of me at all, but walked directly to the table and sat down. Placing his hand upon the key he began calling "Q," which was the sign of Elm Grove, the first station, six miles west of Linwood. "I, I, Q," came the response. "Put out signal

for special passenger west and copy."

"Ro," "Ro," "Ro," rang out the sounder with Charlie's nimble fingers upon the key. "Ro" was the call for Rosedale, the second station from Linwood, eight miles west of Elm Grove. "I, I, Ro," came back the answer. "Is special east coming?"

Then, as I sat by the window as one paralyzed, the awful truth flashed across my mind. I had overlooked the stock train, thundering eastward twenty miles an hour, and made no provision for its meeting the excursion train. My blood seemed turned to ice as I heard the reply:

"They are at the switch. Ro."

Another minute and it would have been disaster.

Still apparently oblivious of my presence, Charlie reached for the order-book with his left hand, while his right continued to manipulate the key, and I heard the sounder click:

"Out signal and copy Da."

"To C. and E. Eng. 34 Ro."

"To C. and E. Eng. 19 O."

"Special east Eng. 34 will take siding and meet special west Eng. 19 at Rosedale."

Quick as a flash came back the response from each station, and in less than a minute I was writing it, the order had been repeated and signed by the conductor and engineer of each train, while Charlie copied it into the order-book and returned it to "O. K."

Then as I realized that I was saved, and a great disaster averted, the revelation of feeling was too much for my overstrained nerves, and I lost consciousness.

An hour afterwards I was awakened by a familiar voice, and looked up to find Frank Dwyer, one of our conductors, who had volunteered to watch that night with Charlie, standing over me. "Wake up, old man," said he, "I have had news for you. Charlie died just as the clock was striking 12."

I roused myself and went to the table. There on the order-book was the order just as I had heard it clicked out by the sounder, and I was calling me to report the two trains safely by. I had been dreaming and sent the order in my sleep, or had my friend redeigned his promise?

The writing in the order-book was in his hand, and I never have been able to account for it.

HAD NOT HEARD OF GERM, GERM'S DEATH.

(Hampshire News Item.)

Here is a story of a man who didn't read the newspapers. He lives on the Cumberland Mountains, Md., where a gentleman from Lancaster met him a few days ago. The two got to talking about the war and General Grant, when the mountain man said that he had fought under the latter. He finally dropped a thunderbolt on the Lancaster by asking: "How is the old General anyhow, and where is he now living?" He was very much surprised when told that he had been dead and buried a year and more, and attempted to excuse his ignorance by saying that he seldom got down into the settlement and the mountains were a poor place to hear news.

Ada Sweet, of Chicago Pension-Office fame, appears to have taken several foreign editors in, as she speaks of her as "the leading poetess of America."

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COVERED WITH SALT RHUM.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest medicine ever known. My mother had been covered with salt rhum for years. I believe CUTICURA would have saved her life. My arms, breast, and head were covered for three years with itching eruptions, and I used the CUTICURA Remedies, internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA Ointment.

HEAD, FACE, AND BODY RASH.

I commenced to use your CUTICURA Remedies for my head and face, and some parts of my body were almost raw. My head was covered with scabs and sores, and my eyes were almost blind. I tried everything I had heard of in the East and West. My case was considered hopeless. I have now not a particle of skin-disease, and my face is as clear as a child's. I am a merchant, of this city.

JOHN J. MINOR, Druggist, Cambridge, Tenn.

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GRAPES, PINEAPPLES, SKIN-BEACHES, AND BATH-HOUSES, CUTICURA REMEDIES.

HOW IT ACTS!—BACK-ACHE, RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, SICK-HEAD, SICK-STOMACH, SICK-BOWELS, SICK-HEART, SICK-HEAD, SICK-STOMACH, SICK-BOWELS, SICK-HEART.

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